

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκalon τι καὶ θεῖον ἐστίν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

APRIL 18, 1839.

No. CLXII.—NEW SERIES, No. LXVIII.

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{ STAMPED, 4d.

The Sixth Annual Report of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which has just appeared, shows the constantly satisfactory progress of that Institution. Within the last year there has been an increase of 13 members and 115 subscribers upon the preceding one; and even this number might have been considerably augmented, had the committee hastily connected with their society every one who expressed a wish to join it. But they have, we think very prudently, resolved that under present circumstances, their present number is as large a one as can be managed with good results; and their wishes now rather tend to the improvement and perfection of the means at their disposal, than to the increase of their physical power.

It is impossible but that a society which devotes one evening a week to practice throughout the year, in addition to its numerous performances, must, if it hold well together, become competent to the execution of any music. The Exeter Hall Society, much as it has improved, would have done more, had not its performers been a perpetually fluctuating body, which, though at every succeeding appearance it presents the same mass to the eye, is often composed of different materials. It is in the very nature of things that there should be a constant influx and efflux of the musicians; the natural inconstancy of man, and his variable humour, unless controlled by that powerful principle of conscience towards music, which sacrifices every selfish feeling for the sake of an object, would be alone sufficient to subject the main body of the performers of any *voluntary* musical association, in which profit is not an object, to constant changes.

Knowing this to be borne out by all musical experience, we admire much at the prosperity of the society on the whole, and the unchanged face that it has always presented to the public. We require no other evidence of judicious ma-

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agement, and sagacity in the direction. The musical heads of the society have been true to themselves, and however new in the outset both leader and conductor may have been to the business on which they were employed, they have now had the advantage of some years' experience and practice. In teaching, they have themselves learned. We are glad that during the progress of the society towards its present state of favour, there has been no attempt to *oust* the original functionaries in these departments—we see in this a pledge of stability as well as the justice and good feeling which deserve success.

The society has not only afforded the London public frequent musical gratifications on a scale unequalled in Europe, and thus influenced the progress of taste and knowledge, but it has done good to musicians. It has received much and expended much; it has extracted patronage from monied sources among its religious connexion that have hitherto but little contributed to fertilize the arts—and even this low and worldly view of the society, the present crowded condition of the musical profession will not permit us entirely to shut out. The annexed concert accounts of the society will put its services in this respect in a striking light. We were among the first to recommend the society to hold together—we now congratulate it on its sixth birthday, and wish we may on its sixtieth.

ABSTRACT of the GENERAL ACCOUNT of the TREASURER of the Sacred Harmonic Society, from Christmas 1837 to Christmas 1838.

RECEIPTS.	£.	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£.	s.	d.
Balance in hand at Christmas, 1837.....	393	18	6	Rent and Gas.....	81	8	4
Subscriptions.....	564	8	0	Hire of Organ for Rehearsals	9	0	0
Balance of Concert Account at Christmas, 1838.....	14	12	10	Hire, &c. of Music for ditto..	34	7	10
				Professional Assistance at ditto	16	12	0
				Purchase of Music, &c. for Library.....	64	4	8
				Purchase of Violin for use of Leader, and Repairs to other Instruments.....	16	13	6
				Carpenters' Work for Desks, &c.	21	4	2
				Door-keepers & Organ-blowers	8	7	6
				Hall Porter's Accounts.....	7	2	11½
				Printing.....	21	4	4½
				Insurance.....	1	16	0
				Engraving Seal.....	0	17	0
				Secretary's Disbursements.....	33	4	4
					316	2	8
				Purchase of £400 Three per Cent. Consols, and Commission.....	375	0	0
					691	2	8
				Balance in hand.....	281	16	8
					£972	19	4
					£972	19	4

Having carefully examined the different items of these Accounts with the Vouchers relating thereto, we do certify the same to be correct.—15th January, 1839.

W. WINSTON.

J. PETERS.

J. R. BURCHETT.

ABSTRACT of Receipts and Payments on Account of Concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, from Christmas 1837 to Christmas 1838.

DATE.	RECEIPTS.			EXPENSES.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
1837. December 29th	249	11	11	147	12	10
1838. February 7th	152	13	6	131	13	8
March 16th	185	9	6	151	4	7
March 30th	180	9	0	170	16	7
April 10th	190	17	0	170	10	1
June 1st	168	0	0	150	0	7
June 25th	121	1	6	164	18	3
July 11th	138	6	6	163	17	1
November 14th	167	7	0	171	0	2
December 5th	165	16	0	171	3	3
December 21st	224	7	0	172	16	3
	1,943	18	11	1,771	13	4

GENERAL CONCERT EXPENSES, not included in the above Account, viz.

Paid Mr. Perry, in respect of the Concert for his Benefit, 7th February	50	0	0
Expense of erecting Moveable Side Orchestra for the Chorus	51	4	1
Expense of enclosing Seats for the Press, Barriers at Entrances, Carpenters' work to Orchestra, and Account for Candles used at Concerts	24	13	8
Hire of Organ in Large Hall, and Man's attendance	18	5	0
Expense of raising Organ, and building extra Platform	13	10	0
	157	12	9
	1,929	6	1
Balance on Concert Account, carried to General Account	14	12	10
	1,943	18	11

Having carefully examined the different items of these Accounts, with the Vouchers relating thereto, we do certify the same to be correct.—15th January, 1839.

W. WINSOR.
J. PETERS.
J. R. BURCHETT.

MR. GARDINER'S "MUSIC AND FRIENDS."

(Second Notice.)

In our first notice of this work* we entered into some comparison between the musical literature of our own country and that of France and Germany, for the purpose of justifying the dissatisfaction we then expressed with Mr. Gardiner as the representative of the former. To Mr. Gardiner individually, or to Mr. Gardiner's book, we had no objection whatever. We regarded both with perfect goodwill, but we could not disguise from ourselves, that the fact of a book of so trivial a nature becoming the stock subject of musical criticism, for the season 1839, was a bitter sarcasm on the state of our art-literature. We had been looking out for some substantial results of the mighty progress in musical taste and knowledge attributed—rather too liberally—to the age; we thought it was time for such a

* Musical World, No. 161.

long-dated bill of credit to be taken up and discharged. The national insolvency in this "line of business," however, is not Mr. Gardiner's fault, and we are bound to try his book on its own merits, and not with reference to our disappointment at the non-appearance of something greater. When Talleyrand, on one occasion, was expected to land at Calais, in returning from England, an immense concourse of Frenchmen was assembled on the pier to catch a glimpse of so remarkable a man, and on the boat which was supposed to convey him coming into port, and an individual being seen in the act of stepping forth, an universal shout was raised, which, however, in a few minutes, was converted into a loud and indignant cry of "Rosbiff! rosbiff!" on it being ascertained that the individual in question was simply an unconscious Englishman, a casual passenger, who, of course, knew no law against his leaving the boat at that particular moment, nor ever dreamt that he was affronting several thousand people by doing so; but the indignation soon gave way to good humour and a round of applause, when poor "Rosbiff's" rotund and blameless physiognomy became distinctly visible to the crowd on shore. Such a case is Mr. Gardiner's; and, after the first emotion of disappointment, because his book is not the book we looked for, we find ourselves succeeding to an infinite stock of good-humour, like his own, and a deal of toleration and respectful consideration for him, like that which he himself appears ready to accord to all men and all things. Let Christopher North say what he will, this is a man to our mind; there's music in him—not Scotch music, perhaps (more's the pity), but a good harmonious inner music—"The undisturbed song of pure concent." We admire the author's disposition to give every one credit for possessing the acquirements he professes, and it would be very hard upon him if his own merits were not admitted under these circumstances. In fact, Mr. Gardiner claims exemption, in a manner, from criticism, by virtue of being not critical himself. Anybody with a vestige of pretension about him is, *apud* Gardiner, "the great Mr. So-and-So;" any musical professor in a moderate way of business is "that celebrated musician;" Sir Richard Phillips is "the philosopher;" Dr. Bowring "my intellectual friend;" in short, all that anybody ever thought of praising is praised, and a vast deal more besides; with, however (strange to say), this exception—the almost unique exception—of the Scotch melodies! We cannot conceive how this happened, but so it is; and the author has smarted for it—for Scotchmen know pretty well how to translate into practice their national motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," and are a most unforgiving, thistly sort of people.

Mr. Gardiner's experience ranges very wide both as to time and objects. His gossiping reminiscences include *omnes res et quasdam alias*, during the last seventy years; when it is mentioned that he makes a point of noting down all he ever saw, heard, did, or said from the period of his earliest recollections, and that he has "a clear recollection of some circumstances which occurred when he was little more than two years old," it will easily be conceived that his book is a pretty discursive one, and that he has had little difficulty in filling the nearly nine hundred pages of which it consists. The circumstance clearly recollected at the age of two is a very striking one, and may claim notice here, as indicating the source of that genius for music with which the author is endowed:—

"Having been put into a suit of nankeen, which had a smart appearance, Dr. Arnold, our near neighbour, requested to have my clothes tried on his son, who was of the same age. For this purpose I was carried in the morning to the doctor's house, stripped, and put into bed to the historian, Mrs. Macauley. To be thus unceremoniously denuded made me very indignant; to pacify me they set a-going the chimes of a musical clock which stood by the bed-side. I was greatly delighted, and so reconciled to my situation, that it was with difficulty I could be taken away; and I consider this incident to have first awakened my attention to the beauty of musical sounds."

Amongst the author's earlier recollections will be found personal anecdotes of Omai, a savage, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, Lord Sandwich, Greatorex, and Daniel Lambert. Of the latter, a fellow-townsmen, many remarkable circumstances are related, which we would gladly detail if they only were musical. It is said, however, that "he had a voice clear and agreeable, and sung with ease and taste." Mr. Gardiner who, as our readers may be aware, is one of a long established

and highly respected family of hosiers at Leicester, found Daniel a kind of stockings to fit him, "called knotted hose," which could be made of any width. "I think," he adds, "he measured forty inches round the calf."

Dr. Crotch he recollects when five years old:—

"He was brought first to our house, and played upon the pianoforte as he sat upon his mother's knee. At that time there were not more than two or three pianofortes in the town or neighbourhood; mine was esteemed a good one, made by John Pholman, I suppose in Germany, and before any were made in England. Upon this instrument Crotch first exhibited his extraordinary talent in Leicester. I laid before him Handel's organ concertos, which, without difficulty, he played at sight. He was a delicate, lively boy, and, next to music, was most fond of chalking upon the floor. I was much surprised to see how readily he sketched a ship in full sail, during which I struck some notes on the piano, forming a confused sound, and requested he would tell me the notes of which it was composed. This he did instantly, while so employed. A concert was convened of the amateurs at the Exchange for his benefit, at which he performed several pieces to the admiration of the audience. After this, he exhibited his talent upon the violin, which he played left-handed, and being very small of his age, he stood in a chair to lead the concert. In one of the pieces he stopped Mr. Tilley, who was the principal violoncello, and pointed out a passage—infant as he was—that our grave performer had played incorrectly."

We are sometimes not quite so clear as we should wish to be as to the credibility of the author in his matters of fact. His own credence, as we have before observed, is large and liberal, and he seems occasionally bent on putting that of his reader to the same trial which he goes through himself with so much fortitude. Our faith, we confess, is often found wanting under these trials. Some surprising facts are told of balloonists—a subject apparently suggested by the condition of the vicars choral at Sheephead (vide vol. 1, p. 47), which may exemplify our observation:—

"Though aeronauts have been generally successful, there are some few dreadful instances to the contrary upon record. Rosier and his companion, who ascended in France, fell from the height of three miles, from the balloon taking fire. The spot is marked by a column, near a church-yard a few miles from Boulogne. One of them was heard to say, 'O Jesu!' the moment he came to the earth, and expired."

And again—

"Arnold, the aeronaut, with an officer of the navy, who had a wooden leg, was about to ascend at Chelsea, but, in rising, the balloon became entangled with some trees, and the ear hitting against a chimney, the captain was thrown out. He rolled down the roof, and his wooden-leg striking a person in the mouth, who was gaping at the sight, so broke the captain's fall that he was but slightly injured."

But we must proceed to give one or two extracts of a musical character. Some of our readers will be interested by the following account of a giant double-bass:—

"Mr. Boyce, son of the great composer, was an eminent double-bass player in the Opera and King's concert; and, when he called upon me, I took him to see a giant double-bass, made by a person of the name of Martin. The maker kept the public-house called the Blackmoor Lady, and the instrument was of such height, that he was obliged to cut a hole in the ceiling to let the head through; so that it was tuned by going up stairs into the room above. Boyce, who was a tall, powerful man, on taking the bow in hand, which was of the same gigantic proportion, with one stroke of it so shook the premises, that I expressed my apprehension that the house would come down. "Let it!" cried Martin; for what alarmed me overjoyed him, to think such tones should come forth from the thing he had made. He looked upon Boyce in wild amazement; for with so much ease and sport did he treat the monster, that the carpenter thought I had brought him the devil in disguise. It was within the precincts of the castle of John of Gaunt that Boyce exhibited this instance of his strength, which is not yet forgotten, as the roarings of the monster, it is said, were heard as far as the castle mill. On returning to town, Boyce ordered a similar instrument to be made, but certainly not so large. This I saw him use in the Abbey performance, 1791, and it out-roared all the other double-basses."

Our author claims for Leicester the honour of having first heard Beethoven's violin trio in E flat, many years previous to its being known in London:

"The Elector of Cologne, in his magnificent chateau at Bonn, like Frederick the Great, had a concert every evening at six o'clock, which his chaplain, the Abbe, con-

ducted. At this time the celebrated Salomon and Romberg were in the service of the Elector, and formed part of his band. There was also a rough black-headed lad, son of the inn-keeper, who exhibited so striking a talent for music as to attract the notice of my friend. This boy turned out to be that extraordinary genius, and sublime composer, Beethoven. The Elector, who was a great patron of music, soon after the development of his mighty mind, placed him under Haydn at Vienna. At this juncture, he had just published the violin trio in E flat, when the Abbe fortunately, in the hurry of his departure, put this work into his trunk with some quartets of Haydn and Wransky. On arriving at Leicester he sought my acquaintance, and with the assistance of Mr. Valentine, the professor, this trio of Beethoven was first played in the year 1794, many years previous to its being known in London. How great was my surprise on hearing this composition, accustomed as I had been to the smooth-swimming harmonies of Corelli, the articulated style of Handel, and the trite phraseology of the moderns! for at that time we had only one symphony of Haydn, and not a note of Mozart. What a new set of sensations, I repeat, did this composition produce in me! It opened a fresh view of the musical art, in which sounds were made to excite the imagination entirely in a different way. The music I had hitherto heard was disposed in a certain order, agreeably to fixed rules—a species of language in which, on hearing the first word, you could tell what would be the last; and in many cases the succession of notes seemed to be the mere result of the mechanical motion of the fingers. By Beethoven's music the most natural and pleasing reminiscences were awakened in me, which the strains of the old school never could have produced. The effects of simple melody, connected with pleasing words, must have existed from all time, and its consequent pleasure must have been felt by every people; but in the compositions of Beethoven we have an art, *sui generis*, in which sounds by themselves operate upon the imagination, without the aid of words, raising it to the highest regions of thought."

Mr. Gardiner is so very miscellaneous, and takes such skips every now and then from his main subject, that it is almost impossible for a reviewer not to follow him sometimes out of the wake of the latter. We need not apologise, then, perhaps, for giving one more amusing extract from the volume *not* connected with music—otherwise than as it is connected with this distinguished patron of that art. Our author on one occasion visits the House of Commons, and finds himself strongly moved by the eloquence of Mr. Fox:—

"He was the last speaker, and I was so excited by his oratory, that without reflecting where I was, I vehemently called out 'Bravo!' I was delighted to that degree, that I made the house ring again. The Speaker, Addington, immediately got up and said, that more unwarrantable conduct he had never witnessed than that of the person who had just interrupted the proceedings. Strangers were upon sufferance in that house, and could not be permitted to applaud or disapprove anything that was passing. It was a high breach of privilege, and a serjeant-at-arms was ordered to bring the offender to the bar. A tall, handsome man, sitting alone in the side gallery, approached me and said, with a countenance almost breaking into a laugh, 'How could you be so indiscreet, young man?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'I hope you will excuse me, I am but a countryman.' By this time the officer was making his way to take me up, when this person waving his hand caused him to desist. It was no other than the Prince of Wales, whom the importance of the debate had brought into the house, and who most probably saved me from Newgate. The gallery, however, in consequence of my indiscretion, was ordered to be cleared, and as I passed through the crowd I had the execration of the whole company.

"Many years afterwards, when on a journey to the south of England, I arrived late in the evening at the Single Star in Exeter, and was shown into the travellers' room, where a merry party were discussing the merits of the different speakers in the House of Commons. A gentleman told us that he was in the gallery one night enjoying the debate, when he had the mortification to be turned out in consequence of the folly of some fellow calling out 'Bravo.' I kept my countenance, and joined in the laugh, and did not reveal to the gentleman that I was the very person who had committed this outrage, till I met him the next morning at breakfast."

The following anecdote is more romantic in its nature, and calls up a highly interesting picture:—

"The Abbe Dobler belonged to a society of Jesuits in Germany, where music formed a prominent part of their studies. You could rarely pass the walls of the monastery without hearing the richest harmonies floating upon the breeze. There was also a neighbouring convent of monks of another order, who delighted more in the pleasures of the table than in the airy sensations produced by music. With this brotherhood the Abbe and his three friends had a desire to become acquainted, and the following stratagem was hit upon as a means of introduction. On the left

bank of the Rhine stood this venerable pile, the front of which overhung the river resting upon arches that allowed the current to flow beneath. A boat was prepared, with a paper lantern in the centre, upon the four sides of which was written that delightful quartett of Haydn, No. 21, and by the light shining through the transparent paper the notes could easily be read. Upon one of those golden nights during the vintage, as the sun was setting, the musical party took their places in the boat, which was left to glide down that noble current without sail or oar. It was dusk as they stole under the arches of the monastery unobserved, and the monks were at supper. The music had no sooner begun than the windows of the refectory were thrown open to catch the strange and pleasing sound; not a boat was passing,—all was amazement; nor could they guess from whence the harmonies proceeded, till a party, rushing down the steps to the water's edge, discovered the lantern and the retreat of the serenaders. A hearty welcome ensued: they were conducted by the brethren into the hall, where the evening began anew, and was prolonged till the tints of the morning fell on the tops of Drachenfels and Jura."

From various observations we have made, the reader will probably have gathered that the author of these volumes is a singularly plain unsophisticated man, whose simplicity often goes to the extent of the whimsical, and, what is more, to the extent of not being conscious of the ludicrous in himself. Yet is there much shrewdness sometimes in Mr Gardiner's observations on men and things, and—which is least frequent with minds of this stamp—an occasional evidence of humour. We think the following description of a quartett party vindicates this claim:—

"Of all descriptions, surely no one has so little claim to good taste as the mere fiddler, who is only gratified by his own performance, and hears no one but himself. Two worthy persons of my acquaintance were of this class: the violoncello player did not possess a feeling beyond the pleasure he had of wagging his elbow with his grumbling bass; and my other friend with his fiddle "relieved his vacant hours," but once in a quarter, would have, what he called a grand crash. We mustered five. At our musical parties we played Haydn's symphonies, compressed into quintetts. Our leader, who attacked every piece as a bull-dog would a badger, set off at a furious rate, and being a corpulent man, soon fiddled himself into such a heat that he took off his coat. The violoncello player was not behind him in fervour, for, on coming to a difficult passage, he screwed up his muscular powers till his mouth had a shape not unlike the mouth of a water-bottle, which, with a goggling stare, would have charmed Cruickshank himself. The moment we had set off we never stopped till we arrived at the end. Our leader, disdaining anything like a halt, jumped over all the rests, dashed out of one movement into the other, keeping the same helter-skelter pace, so that it was difficult to come in, with any sort of grace, at the death. By the time we had got through a symphony, my friend had waxed so warm that he could not proceed without rubbing his hands in a bowl of oatmeal that stood beside him to absorb his exudations. After we had been at it for some time, the whisking of his bow-arm so loaded the atmosphere with the farinaceous substance, that, at the conclusion of our concert, we came away as dusty as millers."

Here we must conclude (for the present at any rate) our illustrations of the character and contents of "Music and Friends." If we return to the work, the reader need not fear the want of sufficiently varied materials for further comments or further extracts. A glance at the "Index" would convince him of this probably. Take a specimen or two. Here's from letter—

A

"Abstract ideas.
Academy of Music
Apple-dumplings.
Arm of the Lord," &c.

B

"Bach.
Bagpipes.
Beggars.
Blow, Dr.
Blue Boar.
Bravo.
Burdett," &c.

C

"Charles the First.

Chaucer.
Cheese.
Chevy Chase.
Cobbett.
Corelli.
Cork Legs," &c.

M

"Magna Charta.
Malibran.
Man, a modern animal.
Moses.
Mozart.
Mustard," &c. &c.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES STOKES.—On the 14th, after an illness of three weeks, from inflammation of the chest and pleura, expired, at the age of 54, Mr. Charles Stokes, a musician whose talents, recognised in the most select professional circles, and high moral worth, attested by the sincere friends who mourn his loss, render him—though little known to the mass of the public—a fitter object for a notice like the present than many of more popular name. Grateful as it is to bear our testimony to the worth of the departed, it is a bitter reflection that the only opportunity which could be taken hitherto, to speak the truth concerning him, without wounding his unaffected modesty, was when he had ceased to live.

Charles Stokes was educated among the old school of musicians; he always, however, possessed a childlike freedom from prejudice, and to the last kept his ears and heart open to imbibe and relish any newly discovered beauty, whether in Beethoven or in Berlioz. His father dying while he was yet very young, he was placed as a choir boy at St. Paul's. In that capacity he had himself experienced, or seen others exposed to, rough treatment; which created in him, throughout life, the greatest horror of cruelty or injustice, and served not a little to modify his character as a man, particularly in his behaviour to children. On leaving school Carter, the composer of "Oh Nanny," became his master; this man, however sweet his melodies, was of rough and brutal manners. For a trivial fault, he one day struck poor Stokes so violent a blow with a stick, that the frightened lad flew out of his house and never returned. The effect of these experiences on a child of delicate organization contributed much, without doubt, to the nervous, timid, and reserved character of his manhood.

The intimate friendship which subsisted between the late Samuel Wesley and Stokes, when the former was in the zenith of his powers, with fortune and reputation before him, had a lasting influence on the musical nature of the latter. Wesley at that time lived at Highgate, read much, composed his best things (which have yet to appear), and played divinely: the best part of his genius Stokes could appreciate, and the two lived in the closest relations of master and pupil. Indeed, so closely had the younger watched the older musician, that not only had Stokes acquired the Wesleyan mode of modulating and harmonizing, but he always retained some of the personal peculiarities of Wesley. While yet a young man, *deputizing* Bartleman's Sunday duty at Croydon, Stokes was surprised by an unexpected visit from the great organist, and used to relate, with peculiar humour, his horror at seeing two *little feet* under the curtain, of which he but too well knew the owner, and dreaded his critical power. He was also intimate at this time, and remained so to the time of his death, with Mr. Vincent Novello. A trio for three pianofortes, composed by S. Wesley for one of his own concerts, and performed by himself, Stokes, and Novello, much interested the musical public.

Stokes soon retired from the vulgar squabble for professional distinction to live to his art in private. He cultivated the pianoforte with great assiduity, and always retained the greatest fondness for the effects of that instrument. He had not practised early enough to acquire what is now called a brilliant execution, but what he played he played well. He lingered with fondness over the best music, and character and expression were never wanting in what he played. His system of teaching was peculiarly good—it was solid, fundamental, and has numerous living examples to attest its excellence. J. B. Cramer, we have heard, had a great regard for the pupils formed by Stokes, and was glad to have them under his finishing hands.

The truest picture of an elegant musical mind will be found in his vocal compositions—"I will lay me down in peace," "An Address to the Deity" (each four voices); the canzonet, "Queen of the Silver Bow;" a duet, "Lines on Friendship;" a quartett harmonised, "On the brow of Richmond Hill," &c. &c. The general character of his compositions is one of pensive grace: they are flowing and eminently vocal, the phrasing of them is often beautiful, and the

parts of his quartetts, &c., sing so agreeably that no note could be wished altered or omitted. Judges of composition who consult these specimens, produced in the more genial moments of a hard professional life, will perceive in them those holy and beautiful aspirations that characterise the genuine composer. Under favourable circumstances, we believe, the talent of Stokes might have produced somewhat more available to a solid reputation than these beautiful but fugitive specimens. Whatever the quality of his inventive powers, his *feeling* for music was complete; it was the emanation of a tender nature, and to his intimate friends was the more especially endeared from its association with a virtuous and good man.

OMNIANA.

[Under this head we propose to give extracts occasionally, from the best sources—including books, old and new, contemporaneous musical writings, periodicals, and new publications, English and foreign—whatever works, in fact, may happen to yield useful or agreeable matter to the musical reader.—Ed. M. W.]

FREDERICK THE SECOND.—He had been assisted in his musical relaxations at Potsdam by the daughter of a citizen, who, without any personal charms, had the accomplishment most valuable to the prince, secluded as he was from all society, and depending for amusement almost entirely on his flute. His father no sooner heard of this intimacy, than he supposed there must be some criminal intercourse between the young amateurs, and proceeded to meet the tender passion by the universal remedy which he was in the habit of administering to his subjects. The lady was seized, delivered over to the executioner, and publicly whipped through the streets of Potsdam. This cruel disgrace of course put an end to the concerts and to her estimation in society. When Frederick came to the throne, she was reduced to the humble station of a hackney-coachman's wife, and, with a rare effort of gratitude and generosity, he was pleased to settle upon her a pension of very little less than thirty-five pounds a year. — *Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches.*

MOZART.—Endowed with an ardent and affectionate and vivacious temperament, evidencing a versatility of impulse by his childish passion for arithmetic, and by the fainter manifestations which he put forth as a man, of possessing a taste and talent for the fine arts collateral with music,—Mozart's sensibilities were precociously forced; his mental endowments were fatally circumscribed by the travelling life of an infant prodigy, which it was his lot to lead. It was not by a triumphant career through court saloons that the mind of Bach had acquired its manly temper! Doubtless, it was no unhappy existence for the amiable, affectionate child, whose every fibre quivered with genius, to be passed from crowned head to crowned head throughout Europe;—to become, while little more than an infant, familiar with the uses of gold, whether for self-indulgence or beneficence—no hard fate for the young man to sit down at ease in the city of Vienna, and alternate his entrancing performances, and his almost spontaneous and engrossing fits of composition, with the convivial pleasures of a metropolis more gay than intellectual. But it was an existence certain to preclude self-restraint, or meditation, or general culture; and one or other of these things—if poetry or music be any thing more than the instinctive answer made by the *Æolian* harp to the wind, which *trifles* with its chords—must have a share in forming the highest artistic character, in inspiring works which are to exalt and not to enervate. Thanks to the passport gained for him by his genial fancy and abundant executive powers, Mozart was not called upon to struggle with extreme fortunes, like Handel or Haydn; he was not, like Beethoven, thrown upon himself by bodily infirmities exasperating a naturally rugged disposition. But the moral of his life is conveyed to us in the fact, that, at the early age of thirty-six, his gay, childlike disposition had wholly yielded to unreasonable fear and forebodings, and that—the power to master his genius, instead of being destroyed by it, having been utterly worn out in a childhood of display and a youth of pleasure,—he dropped to sleep, forlorn and exhausted, ere he had reached the age when many strong men only begin their career. There is as important a lesson in the death of Mozart for the parents of musicians, as in his life and glorious works for their children.—*From an excellent Article in the London and Westminster Review, just published.*

BACH.—The works of Sebastian Bach are amongst music's least mortal possessions. Though the French taste for frippery in place of solid science, and the Italian instinct for rhythmical and easy melody, so overswept the European schools of instrumental music for a time, that even some among the family of the grand old fuguist did not escape the infection, and his "well-tempered clavier" was forgotten for the flimsier works of Händel,

Schobert, and Paradies;—it was but for a time. The honest old organist was, after a period of usurpation and famine, sought for and found—like the champions of the Swiss superstition—with grave penitence, awaiting in his tomb the moment when he should come forth and assist in the recovery of his olden heritage;—and to-day he stands before us, vigorous, gigantic, and as undamaged by time as the youngest enthusiast who hastens to do him honour.—*Idem.*

THE FIRST FRUITS OF LOVE AND MUSIC.—About this time there was a little saint of the name of Chater. Brother Chater, her father, was a manufacturer of ironwork for coach makers. I had “wrestled” with her at some of the love-feasts, and I was just old enough to regret we were so far apart during the wrestling. I therefore began to think I was in love. Gravity begets gravity, and my sister in the faith and I ogled each other most piously. The first time I ever attempted to wrestle with her in her father’s house, I received a most mortifying check—not from herself—oh, no! I was too young to declare my passion; but I had hoped to recommend myself to her regard, and insinuate myself into her affections by the force of melody. The charms of music were summoned to my aid. I popped my flute into my pocket and paid her a visit. Her mother was gone to a “*T. and B.*” (Tea and Bible), and her father, as we hoped, with her. I had just prevailed on my fair one to try a newly published song on the pianoforte, while I accompanied her on the flute, when the enraged father rushed in, and with all the meekness and courtesy that such Christians profess, called me by every sort of opprobrious name, boxed my ears,* seized my hat, thrust it on my head, gave me one of his own sledge-hammer knocks on the top which forced lining and all over my eyes, and caused me to escape with the swimming sort of action peculiar to blind-man’s-buff, pushed me from the room and literally kicked me out of the house; and all because he caught me playing “a song-*toon*,” as he called it, and “corrupting his darter’s mind,” by leading her into the same sinful course. “Keep your devil’s *toons* to yourself, you young varmin! don’t come ’ere with your Beelzebub’s jigs. None o’ Satan’s ’ymns ’ere! take ’em to ’is hown ’ouses—there’s one close by in Common Garden. Shan’t play any of your imperance to debauch my gal’s mind wi’! Go out, I say! and I’ll throw your fife out a vinder arter you!” Barbarous blacksmith! thought I—never more will I endure the wrestlings of your daughter, after the indignity bestowed by your iron fist.—*From the Autobiography of Charles Mathews, Comedian.*

ECCLESIASTICAL ORIGIN OF THE SCOTCH MELODIES.—If it were necessary to account for the influence of the ecclesiastical modes upon Scottish music, it might not be difficult to do so. The power of the Church, built as it was, upon truth and knowledge, and extended by policy and superstition, was not less considerable in Scotland than in other countries. Our ecclesiastical architecture shows the tendency of our churchmen and their patrons to cherish the arts of refinement; and if music was cultivated by them in any proportional degree, the influence of their style would extend through all ranks of society. Even the perversions of the system might tend to a similar result. If we suppose the reality and frequency of such scenes as are described in the “Freiris of Berwick,” where the hospitality and example of Symon Lawder draw forth the convivial talents of his clerical guest—

“They sportit thame and makis mirry cheir
With sangis lowd, baith Symone and the Freir”—

we can easily conceive the foundation of a school of parody, where the ecclesiastical Cantus would soon be converted into excellent drinking songs. But, in truth, we do not know that the Scottish music is derived from the ecclesiastical; we only see that it resembles it. For aught we can tell, our own system may be, not the daughter, but the sister or cousin of the other.—*Blackwood.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FESTIVALS.

[The writer of the following letter has expressed himself so discourteously towards us, and with an illiberality so ill returning the favour we did him in making room for his former communication, that we might well consider he forfeited his claim upon us. A more stupid piece of gratuitous abuse was never committed than in the case of this correspondent’s attempt to fasten upon us a charge of *time-serving*, because forsooth—we not refused to insert (which other papers had done), but *delayed* for some little time the insertion of his letter. If we had said at once that *Amateur’s* letter was not eligible for the

* Dreaming of love and mingling of the souls,
When which? Sir Thomas hit *him* on the jowls.—*Colman’s Broad Girth.*

Magazine (the usual mode of rejecting contributions not approved of), we should have been perfectly justified in doing so. The letter was written, as we then stated, in an ill-tempered spirit, and with no just view of the subject it attempted to handle; and we inserted it grudgingly, because we are guilty of the wish to fill our limited space with articles which we hope may instruct or amuse our readers, and not with matter promising neither result. An *Amateur* argues as if it were the bounden duty of all editors of papers to print and publish every communication sent to them, whether approved or not. Instead of being grateful to us for inserting his lucubration at all, he complains of our not having done so *instantly*, and, with an unconscious self-conceit which forgets to reckon the crudeness of its own notions amongst the causes of an unfavourable reception, concludes that some personal interest withheld us from a prompter publication of his letter. Of what interest it can be to us, whether concert directors are to be called leaders of the public taste, or the public taste is to be called the director of the directors, it will probably puzzle our readers as much as it has puzzled us to discover. In fine, we neither *have* an interest nor *feel* an interest in the matter of *Amateur's* letter, and this for the reason that the writer appears to us devoid of the spirit of candour, and seems bent rather on finding fault with everything and every body than on making any serviceable addition to the stock of public knowledge in respect of the subject treated by him. Our correspondent is no doubt what Dr. Johnson calls "a good hater," but an "*Amateur*"—i. e. a *lover*—he certainly is not.

"His cue is villainous melancholy,"

and—social in misanthropy—he desires that his disgusts may be freely communicated to the world "in your next number."

At the risk of being found *corrupt* and *time-serving*, we must again observe, that in publishing the following letter we are made sensible of its displacing matter much better entitled to the space it fills, and that as we insert it with even greater "reluctance" than the former communication, so in the event (here deprecated) of a *third* communication, we cannot choose but be three times as reluctant to occupy our pages with it.

Our just offence with the stupid aspersions indulged in by *Amateur* shall not prevent our making the same acknowledgment in regard to his second which we made to his first letter—that it contains several shrewd observations which only cause us the more to regret the writer's general temper and judgment.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—You are much mistaken in supposing that I sent you my remarks on the Festivals, under the impression of injustice from the other papers. The "*Times*," and the "*Chronicle*" refused them simply because they might lead to controversy, for which, as political journals, they had no room. With this excuse I was perfectly satisfied, and was recommended by them to the "*Musical World*" as a paper well suited to my purpose. Now although I had, as aforesaid, been already made sensible that the editors would tolerate no opposition either to their own opinions or those of the public, your open charge of venality and shop influences against the former proprietors involved a challenge to controversy which I thought could under no circumstances be declined. What then was I to think of your omitting for five weeks to take the least notice of my letter, but that you were again resorting to the convincing rhetoric of silence and suppression; lest you should think this an unhandsome observation after having printed my letter, remember the situation in which you had just voluntarily placed yourself by your sweeping and "unqualified" comments on your predecessors, and the confessedly "grudging" spirit in which you at last accommodated me. That my remarks "should meet with little sympathy with your readers" only means that not being to their taste, it was not to your interest to publish them. I have no objection to such a reason any more than I should have to a tradesman who should decline to exhibit an article for sale which he knew was unsuited to his customers; I should only protest against his rating his neighbours for doing the same. With regard to your objections to what I have advanced, I cannot see any weight in them. Your analogy of the coach wheels is an unlucky one. If the proper distribution of their propelling powers was disturbed, so far from its being a matter of no importance, the very existence of the vehicle would depend on the defects being corrected, your principle of serving a cause by mutual concessions is more ingenious than true. It appears to me

that when these are made it is less from any altered conviction on the point in question than to avoid altercation and unpleasant collision of feeling. If audiences are occasionally found listening with patient attention to music, recommended to them by a great name alone, it is because Haydn and his compeers (not the directors of the concert) are the teachers. Observe how incapable these latter are of understanding and profiting by a sound popular impulse. A few years ago Mr. Taylor presented the Norwich Festival and the public with a remodel of the *Requiem* for the purpose of removing the well known objections to it in its original state—that of a funeral mass in the Catholic church. The new version was, I believe, merely a translation of the words with certain slight but unavoidable alterations and omissions and consequent freedoms with the Music. But although there have been scores of Festivals and choral societies' concerts since, none have shown the slightest disposition to second the worthy Professor's endeavours, who meanwhile was rated soundly by a portion of the press for laying his sacrilegious hands on the text of Mozart. Is it to this horror of sacrilege that we are to attribute the non-appearance at the subscription concerts of the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, &c. ? Here are forty or fifty works of first rate excellence, better calculated to arrest attention than almost any thing that could at present be offered to the public. The deep puritanical feeling which pervades the audiences at the festival concerts, might certainly account for the phenomena, and exonerate the committees, if they would be consistent in their management, but it seems that while Puritanism is to be indulged in his well known aversion to Beadsmen, the directors insist on repeatedly treating him with the service of the cathedral church to which his round-headed reverence is certainly not likely to listen with much more complacency. Let them get out of this and other dilemmas of the same kind if they can. The truth is, that we are kept in ignorance of these works because our instructors are ignorant of them themselves. You shall go among eminent professors and hear them speak of the marvellously beautiful Masses of Haydn as written by *Michael* and not *Joseph* Haydn. I remember seeing a volume of the Gregorian Masses placed in the hands of a professor; they have a peculiar notation and are without metre, as is well known to all acquainted with them. The good man certainly contrived to place the book the right side upwards before him, but it was evident from what followed, that herein terminated his knowledge of the Gregorian music, nor was his acquaintance with catholic church music generally much greater. However, he was a director of the Society of British Musicians where among his other duties, he had to examine the claims of young aspirants and detect their plagiarisms from Haydn and Mozart, &c. &c.

I am unacquainted with the method of choosing directors and committees, but from its effects it would seem to be any thing but a proper one. In London, musical eminence, and that too of a very mediocre and mechanical sort, seems all that is thought needful to qualify a director. But this is at most but one, and not always the most important requisite. Besides professional eminence and extensive knowledge of music, a director should have an acute understanding, the habits of a man of business, and above all a clear insight into the state of public feeling, for in this last consists the true key to sound management. But instead of the inevitable result of this unity of talent, business, taste and judgment—viz., unanimity between the subscribers and committees, it would seem that few things can be more utterly at variance than the proceedings of the directors and the wishes of the subscribers. The Philharmonic Society has now stood for more than five and twenty years. In settling its claims to the gratitude of the public, I will pass over the singular ignorance of directors and others, which I have just alluded to, of the authors of some of the finest music in the world, but let us take the three great works of the German catholic church. The *Requiem*, the *Passione* and the *Stabat Mater*, and ask the society what better knowledge of them it has given the public than it possessed forty years since. The subscription concerts have taken much pains of late to instruct us in the doubtful inspiration of Beethoven's posthumous quartetts, but here are three works to which all Europe has affixed the seal of immortality, and which still remain all but a dead letter among us. Oh! but the Philharmonic is an instrumental concert, and yet it can do *choral* symphonies almost an hour and half long, and which fill a whole act in the concert, a space that the entire *Requiem* would scarcely occupy. It is an instrumental concert, yet although the *Passione* was originally written in instrumental quartetts I think, I am right in asserting that not a bar of it has ever been heard either at the Philharmonic or the Quartett Concert. As for the *Stabat Mater*, at once beautiful and interesting as one of the works in which the spirit of Haydn was first disclosed, if it has escaped the aforesaid error of attributing his church music to his brother *Michael*, it is perhaps as much as can be said for it. Now I believe that any who doubt that these works would receive a favourable, even an enthusiastic reception at the subscription concert, would strangely misconstrue the state of public taste; "then why," asks the reader, "are they thus suffered to remain in obscurity?" Why? because they are services of the Catholic church. Smile if you will, reader, but it is to be feared that a very superficial inquiry would deduce irrefragable testimony of the truth of what I am saying; so much for our

soi-disant instructors here in London, who somewhat resemble an old periwigged tutor of the last age whose pupils are momentarily having their gravity put to the test by his starched prejudices and obsolete orthodoxy. As for the directors of the Festivals, they seem to proceed in an equally edifying and orthodox manner by inviting their subscribers to the cathedrals to hear a service which is not their own, and which they cannot listen to without heresy to the faith they profess. Now behold one of the consequences of all this mismanagement—the dissenters have withdrawn their support from the York Festival and it cannot take place in consequence. It is a singular fact with regard to these concerts, that while the dissenters attend the sacred selections simply as a devotional exercise, the miscellaneous concerts are subscribed to, chiefly for the sake of the Balls which follow them, and thus do the Festivals owe their principal support to two classes of people, not only diametrically opposed to each other in opinion, but whose love of music is, perhaps, the last inducement which takes them there.

You ask me how I can account for the success of the Quartett Concerts?—why, exactly as I do for that of the Penny Magazine, which, by its own confession, can only support the heavy expenditure of carrying it on, by the enormous demand for it. What was the fate of the *Musical Library*, another speculation of the proprietors?—Yours,

AMATEUR.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Auber's new opera is still the talk here. The story of the drama is not devoid of interest; and the music, in the estimation of good judges, is only inferior to that of the *Muette de Portici*. The *libretto* is by Scribe and Melesville, and the plot has been thus described:—

"The scene of the first act is laid on the borders of a lake on the Hartz Mountains, whither Albert (Duprez), and some dozen fellow-students stray after having lost their way. They are informed by a young goatherd that they have been conducted by some evil spirits to the *Lac des Fees*, so called because certain young fairies were in the habit of descending from the skies in the heat of the day, to bathe in its waters. The goatherd undertakes to conduct them to the great road to Cologne, and all depart except Albert, who remains behind to gratify his reprehensible curiosity. The goatherd had not deceived him, for a flock of fairies descend from the heavens, and after fluttering in the air for some time, land on the shores of the lake. They prepare to take the bath, each first casting off her veil (which, like the wings of the Sylphide, is her talisman.) They are disturbed by a movement of Albert, who is enchanted with Zeila, whose veil the impertinent Albert contrives to seize, and takes flight. Alarmed by the shouts of the students who approach, and by a coming storm, Zeila wraps herself in the cloak of Albert.

"The scene of the second act is the *hôtellerie*, or inn of Marguerite (Madame Stoltz), a handsome young landlady to whom Albert had plighted his troth, and in whose books he has run up a score amounting to twenty-five crowns. Zeila arrives, asks service, and is engaged by Marguerite. Albert coming in, calls for refreshment, which is served to him by Zeila, whom he recognizes. Mutual avowals of love follow, in the midst of which they are surprised by Marguerite. The natural consequences follow; the hostess claims the hand of her lover or her money, or both, and turns the domestic out of doors. Albert accepts assistance from a Jew who has made a sort of Shylock bargain with him, discharges his bill and leads Zeila to his garret in the city of Cologne.

"Rodolph, who had also been struck with the beauty of Zeila, is furious with jealousy, and purchases Albert's bond of the Jew, in the hope that he may fail to pay it, and thus fall into his (Rodolph's) power.

"The third act opens with a scene between the lovers in the garret of Albert. It is the *Fête des Rois*, always celebrated with pomp in the city of Cologne. It is also the day on which Albert's bond becomes payable. He sallies forth, therefore, with Zeila, and proceeds to the *fête*, of which, by lot, Zeila is declared queen. A pickpocket robs Albert of the money with which he intends to pay the Jew. When it is demanded, Albert is unable to pay, and is about being carried off to prison, but his friends, the students, draw their swords to prevent it. Albert faints; Marguerite runs to his assistance, opens his vest to give him air, finds the veil, and thrusts it into her own bosom. He recovers, but it is now Zeila's turn to swoon, which she does very naturally, and is borne to the mansion of the chatelaine, and her lover to a dungeon in the same.

"In the fourth act, Albert is in his dungeon. The chatelaine enters with some boon companions. They jest with Albert, who provokes Rodolph to order him to be put to death. The servants of the chatelain are about to obey, when Zeila interferes and pur-

chases his pardon and release by consenting to become Rodolph's bride. While the preparations for the marriage ceremony are in active progress, Albert swears again to wed Marguerite if she will (by returning the veil) enable Zeila to escape from her promise, the chatelaine, and his castle. Marguerite consents, and fastens the veil to a crown of roses which the other attendants had placed on Zeila's head, who recognizes it. The veil expands and she soars into the heavens. The chatelain is, of course, furious. Albert regains his garret, but, it would appear, is guilty of a second breach of promise to Marguerite.

"The fifth and last act takes place in the clouds, where we find Zeila indulging in regrets for Albert, while her companions disport themselves after, we suppose, the fashion of the inhabitants of that region. Zeila's prayer to be divested of her character of fairy, to return to earth, to become mortal, to wed Albert, and to be beloved by him, is granted by the Queen of the Fairies. Zeila descends into the garret of her lover, and has scarcely touched the floor when the curtain drops."

METROPOLITAN.

THE NEW MUSICAL FUND.—The anniversary concert given at the Italian Opera House in aid of this estimable charity took place on Friday evening last, and although possessing the usual attractions of a benefit concert, failed to excite that universal interest which it deserved. The services of all, we believe, were gratuitous, and so far praiseworthy, but for what reason Grisi, in Marlani's "*Stanca di piu*," sang so grievously out of tune we are at a loss to conjecture. Lablache and David, the violinist, were absentees; their places were supplied by Tamburini and Puzzi; the former, with Grisi, sang the amusing duet "*Oh! guardate che figura*" from *La Prova*, which elicited an encore, and with Rubini the duet "*Dove Vai*" from *Guillaume Tell*. Mozart's beautiful air, "*Batti Batti*," was most admirably sung by Persiani, and of course encored; Mr. Lucas's obligato accompaniment deserves praise. The other vocalists were Ivanoff, who was encored in the barcarol "*Oh che in cielo*," Miss Fanny Wyndham, Miss Bruce, Mrs. A. Toulmin, Miss Cawthorn, F. Lablache, Bennett, and Phillips. In the instrumental department Madame Dulcken played, with her accustomed ability, Mendelssohn's first concerto, a composition much inferior to the second in D, produced at the Birmingham Festival; Puzzi, a medley introducing Rodes' air; Mr. Hausmann, a Swiss fantasia of his own composition on the violoncello, in which he exhibited a perfect command of his instrument, but a deficiency of tone; and Giulio Regondi, who executed on the concertina Mayseeder's Op. 47, written for the violin, *à merveille*. F. Cramer was the leader and Sir George Smart the conductor.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.—Persiani, equally great in the concert-room and on the stage, was the chief attraction of the concert of Monday evening; her singing of "*Come per me sereno*," and the duet, "*Sulla Tomba*," with Ivanoff, elicited the plaudits of a crowded room. Lord Burghersh's serenade was ineffective, and appeared totally unsuited to Abertazzi; her performance of "*Tanti Affetti*" merited the approbation it obtained. The band, which was, for the first time, led by Loder, played the second movement of the pastoral symphony too fast. In the overture to *Oberon* attentive rehearsal was evident—the brass instruments *told* well, and the *tout ensemble* was perfect. We must not omit to mention the quartett of Haydn, which was charmingly played, and reflected great credit upon the instrumentalists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE, well known as a concert singer of talent, made her first appearance on the lyric stage lately at Trieste.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.—Schneider, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, each rejoice in the newly conferred title of Doctor.

OUR PROPOSED ANNUAL CONCERT.—The French, if not exactly the most musical, are the most ingenious people in the world. Our sprightly contempo-

rary, "La France Musicale," whose communications signed "Fetis" have often given us fits of jealousy,* has fairly staggered us by an editorial proceeding, which, if our English pride do not forbid the idea of imitation, may doubtless be adopted by ourselves with equal advantage. The French journal has been *giving a concert*, to which it has invited its subscribers! This concert came off a few days ago, and—as we see it remarked in another Paris print—cannot have been very bad, since amongst its instrumental features it boasted Beethoven's symphony in C, and the solo playing of De Beriot, whilst its vocalities were whatever Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanhoff could make them. The French are famous for originating, and the English for adopting and improving, bright ideas; and now that concerts *à la Musard* and concerts *à la Valentino* have been imported into England with so much success by the ordinary managers of such entertainments, we do not see why we, as editors of the only musical magazine in this country, should not also follow the fashion set in the same quarter, and give an annual gratuitous "Musical World Concert." If so (to make good the English claim of *improving* on the idea adopted, and this in a characteristic manner) we should propose that our subscribers, being first invited from every possible corner, and collected in the largest possible numbers, be then freely admitted to this our concert, *on paying up their last year's subscription*; and all our advertising friends (a most oblivious people) should enjoy the same undoubted privilege of entrance *on settling their accounts at the door* and all our music agents, retail-dealers, newsmen, &c., &c., in like manner. Our publisher has calculated that for the money we should thus save in the expense of collecting, we could engage Paganini, Herr David, and the Opera singers—at the least.

* An emotion, by the way, which would be unassociated with any feeling less complimentary to our Parisian fellow-labourer, if he would forbear from appropriating without acknowledgment our own humble lucubrations.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wages of the Covent Garden Band.—Several weeks ago we received a well-written and temperate letter, which we duly acknowledged, from "A Constant Reader," making out a case of considerable hardship for the players in the Covent Garden orchestra. We promised to make inquiry on the subject, and the result is, that we must doubt the correctness of our correspondent's view of Mr. Macready's conduct in regard to the band. It appears to be true that their wages were in the first instance *lowered*, as our correspondent says, and that consequently the *rise*—which we, amongst other journals, more lately announced—was not altogether a rise; but, on the other hand, we find that the reduction was trifling as well as temporary, whilst the increase was considerable and permanent. It is also, we believe, not true, that the former proceeding was arbitrary or cruel, as it was made at a time when similar reductions were effected in every department of the theatre—reductions rendered necessary by the circumstances of the establishment at that period. That much hardship is often inflicted on those least able to bear up under it, by all fluctuations of this kind, is true as sad; but sometimes not more sad than unavoidable. The statement respecting the treatment of a particular individual of the Covent Garden orchestra, depends for its importance as a matter of charge, on a question which we are not at present able to answer. We cannot believe that the dismissal took place either in the full knowledge of the consequences detailed by our correspondent, or otherwise in a spirit of oppression. We say this in the absence of certain knowledge, but on a conviction founded in our belief of Mr. Macready's intention to act justly and honourably in all respects. We have at any rate explained, we hope, to the satisfaction of our correspondent, that the reduction of the band's wages was no act of wanton cruelty, nor their increase one devoid of liberality.

A correspondent who inquires the particulars relating to the Melodists' Club's offer of prizes for the best compositions, will find all he requires to know, in a paragraph inserted amongst our last week's miscellanies.

"A Rejected Glee" is informed that our surmise was correct on the subject of the composition which gained the prize at the Liverpool Beefsteak Club. It was a *madrigal* only in name, that name being suggested by the subject of the poetry.

We have received Mr. Angel's letter addressed to our Publisher, but no person has called respecting the transmission of a Stamped Copy of the "Musical World," nor has the sum mentioned been paid. A Post Office Order may be procured in any Post Town for the amount. All letters must be post paid.

A HOME IN THE HEART, by M. W. Balfé, 2s. Estelle, by G. Linley, 2s. Long, Long Ago, by H. Bayly, 2s. Come, if Thou Lovest Me, by G. Linley, 2s. The Dream of Home, by Thomas Moore, Esq., 2s.

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THERE is a Vacancy in the CHOIR of Gloucester Cathedral for a COUNTER TENOR VOICE.

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 For so hath the Lord } ham & Phillips } 2 6
 (Duet).....
 35. Oh! be gracious (Chorus)..... 2 0
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